

Jan 9th Daft Punk One More Time Pipettes

Jan 10th Alive, Daft Punk

Jan 10th Pipettes, New Young Pony Club, That Mix Tape, Hard To beat, Once and Never Again

Jan 10th Even more New Young Pony Club

Jan 12th: New York Pony Club, Eagles of Death Metal, Arcade Fire, Pipettes

Jan 13th: New Young Pony Club, I think. Pipettes, Pullshapes.

Jan 14th: The Greatest, Cat Power. Girlfriend, Avril Lavigne.

Jan 15th: Annie, Blondie, Pipettes, NYPC

Jan 16th: The Ting Tings, Pipettes, Let's Make Love..., Associates, At The Drive In, finish to... well, you guess.

1:48 on January 16th - first draft

RELEASE NOTES: (8th July 2011)

Sorry about the delay on this one. I think I was originally on lobbying it out in January. Man!

This is basically the script that I lobbied over at Jamie, on January 16th 2008. It's got a few tweaks, mainly adding some carriage returns between pages and changing laura to Laura. For some reason, I had every example of her name in lower-case. I presume there was a find/replace going on at some point.

Anyway! Three key things.

Firstly, this is a Phonogram script. It's unlike my WFH scripts in a few ways. Partially, by being even more casual in tone. It's a private conversation with a good friend, so less formal. And stuff to look professional I simply haven't done. For example, my marvel dialogue is all in CAPS, and tabbed into in the centre, etc. Secondly, it's much more dictatorial – which is partially because I keep tighter controls on PG's reigns due to how it has to work, and partially because Jamie and I were going to chew everything over.

Also, someone would have proofed it.

The main difference is a little piece of tablature at the top of most pages. This is basically a shorthand I devised to talk about panel grids. I don't do it on any other scripts, because people will clearly think I'm trying to communicate in gnomic runes or something. The basics are....

X = Panel

O = Panel merged with panel next to it

Number = The panel number.

I use the latter only when the basic tab won't transfer the information. So...

OO

XX

XX

Is a six panel grid, with the first two panels merged into one panel. Whilst...

11

22

XX

Would be a six panel grid, with the first two rows turned into their own individual panels.

You'll pick it up.

Secondly: This is the script for the single issue. You'll notice I tweaked Penny's last dialogue for the collection, because the actual point of the story – Penny has realised she doesn't need an audience (i.e. the readers) – wasn't quite coming across to most people. Since it was kind of the point of the issue – as in, the reason why the whole thing is addressed to the reader – I thought it was worth the edit.

Thirdly: You know, I'm not 100% sure this is actually the final script Jamie drew off. Damn my filing system. I've added a couple of notes to the script in Italics where I remember us changing stuff in IM chat. And there's always a dialogue pass at lettering.

PHONOGRAM 2: THE SINGLES NIGHT
PART 1: PULL SHAPES
Gillen/McKelvie

OOOO
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OOOO

So we return and begin again. This page was written to one more time by Daft Punk, and is kinda aimed at a similar feeling of YAY! To it. It's also half considered as a nod towards your brilliant page 3 of Suburban Glamour, but with two rows of stuff sandwiched. If you think it'll work better with three rows, mention and we'll work something this out. The page is just a fucking ballsy "HERE WE ARE. Did you miss us?" so hits like that.

1.1

A half-lit late-teenage girl's bedroom. Can't see much, bar PENNY B, looking back over her shoulder at us. Penny is already dressed for going out – make-up, hair fringed, whatever. She greets us with a smile, like her best friend has just walked into a room – this is probably the single most important facial expression in the entire series, in that way. It's got to sell the moment.

The room's half-lit with a mixture of small candles – tiny things, left lying around, and the occasional gauzed over multicolour light. This isn't club lighting, but it's cheap approximation of atmosphere.

PENNY: Hey yous! Wasn't expecting you yet. Be there in a minute.
PENNY: Just gotta... you know.

1.2

Penny's elegant finger on the play button of her music system.

NO DIALOGUE

1.3

The corner of Penny's lips, in an a smile of pure pleasure.

NO DIALOGUE

1.4

Penny's fingers on the dial of the music system, turning it fully to the right.

NO DIALOGUE

1.5

Tight on Penny's hands, raised high, above their hands, cupped slightly, one higher, stretching upwards, the other curling in, as if clapping. Like most of Penny's gestures, it's posed, but not a posture. If that makes any sense.

(Compare and contrast how – say – Emily dances)

NO DIALOGUE

16

In silhouette, full length, Penny Dancing. She's probably turn about 270 degrees across the next two panels.

NO DIALOGUE

1.7

Ditto, Penny sliding into a different pose.

NO DIALOGUE

1.8

And again, Penny moving again – for the effect of the last three panels, think of the sort of sixties-mod thing. We could even do the same trick with alternating primary colour backgrounds.

(Actually, I kind of like that for all of this when they're dancing – each one hits with a primary colour. Even alternating between two primary colours may be interesting. Anyway – you know what I mean)

NO DIALOGUE

1.9

Penny's head, in profile, head flipped back a little, lips in a smile, eyes blacked out in the Phonomancer magic-casting shorthand.

(This was changed to a starfield rather than pure black, because I'd basically typoed. Pure black is reserved for gods in Phonogram.)

NO DIALOGUE

1.10

Penny turns back to us, black sliding from her eyes. Her hair is slightly askew, fringe moved, which she's correcting with one finger. She smiles at us, perhaps a tiny bit embarrassed, but absolutely excited to be here. It's a shared “Woah”, as in “That was so Good!”.

To the right of the panel, we catch a little sign of some Theban writing on a gig poster - “CLAP YOUR HANDS IF YOU WANT SOME MORE”.

PENNY: Woah. There we are.

PENNY: You ready? Then let's go!

PAGE 2

OOO
OOO
XXX

2.1

And let's pull back, and show the room. Take this from slightly above – the angle I'm picturing is boring on isometric. Penny is in the middle, standing casually, looking up at us and addressing us evenly. She's smiling, but not the full bore version we met on the last page. It's more casual.

The room is a student bedroom. Or someone with the lifestyle that people who come to her door, they'd presume she's a student. But it's a Student bedroom crossed with a Phonomantic lifestyle. The lights and candles reveal the fact that we've got Theban writing scrawled over one large poster on the wall behind her– whatever the translation is “WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THEN MUSIC STOPS?”. It's much, much, much bigger than the smaller poster on the previous page. It's the main visual element behind her, making it look a little spooky and ominous behind her. The piece of furniture behind her is a dresser – only a small mirror on it, rather than a full one, but cosmetics scattered around. There's an opened bottle of Vodka, half drunk, and a couple of small glasses. There's some diet coke cans, all opened, sitting nearby.

If the idea hasn't come across, compared to the previous page which attempts to be stylised in a comics-page way, this panel is an attempt at naturalism. We're just looking at the after-effects of a ritual.

CAPTION: 23rd December: 2006. 9:37 pm.

PENNY: I'm Penny B, I'm a phonomancer and you're my audience today.

PENNY: You're cool with that, yeah?

2.2

Penny leans against the dresser, palms reversing to rest along its ledge, tilting her head a little.

PENNY: I hope so. We're going to my favourite club in the entire world.

PENNY: It's going to be legendary.

PAGE 3

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OO

3.1

Let's meet Laura. In a similar panel to the last one – that is, one girl, central, in a wide panel – Laura addresses us. She stands in the doorway to the bathroom cubicle adjacent to the doorstep. Right in the middle, not leaning on the doorframe – no easy naturalism here. She stares ahead, eyes bored, tone clearly sarcastic.

Laura already has her coat on. She's ready to go.

LAURA: It hurts to see you dance so well.

LAURA: Let's go.

3.2

Penny pulling on Coat. Laura standing in door still, rolling her eyes. Re-establish room, the sense of place between the two.

The next three panels are hard cuts on the way into town, but Penny keeps talking to us naturally. Tiny little vignettes of going out.

PENNY: She's Laura Evans. She's my best friend. I've known her since I was – like – six.

PENNY: I liked Take That. She liked East Seventeen. We bonded anyway, you know?

3.3

Laura and Penny standing at a Bedminster BS3 bus-stop. The one outside the Masonic, opposite where I used to live, because that was always quietly sinister. It's night, cold and crisp. It's winter after all. Laura in the background, walking around, smoking with a small bottle full of an unknown – vodka! - mixture in the other hand – I'd like to catch her, with her head half turned towards penny. She rolls her eyes. Penny is in the foreground, one hand pressed against the pole – just before her is the bus-time-table, which she's looking towards us, turning away from reading. She looks a little concerned.

PENNY: She's calling herself “Laura Heaven”, but – as much as she's trying – the name's not really sticking. She's a phonomancer too.

PENNY: She does... well, I don't know what she does. I don't really understand it.

3.4

On the bus. Penny and Laura sit side by side – Penny nearer the window, because she got on the bus first, with Laura following her. They're sitting middle-back on the bus – if it's the sort which has a step in the middle, they sit on the first raised row. The seats around them are as full as you can be bothered drawing them, though being a tiny panel, most of them will be off panel. Essentially it's Bedminster chav-kids fucking about on the bus.

(8.7.11: In IM I made it clear to Jamie that these are the kids we meet in PG2.7. I also apologised repeatedly in that script for using the word “chav”.)

Laura sits, back straight, staring directly ahead, not looking in any direction. She hates buses. She hates most things.

Meanwhile, Penny is absent-mindedly drawing shapes on the condensation with one finger. She looks up, with a look of quiet pride mixed with embarrassment. It's as if she's confessing something precious to her – like she lost her virginity, but she's pleased that she did.

PENNY: I dance.

3.5

And in Bristol City Centre, the Bus still at the stop that's a little way behind them. . If we can see the number, it's a 76, I think. We may see some of the details which you may recognise from the third page of RUE BRITANNIA, as Penny and Laura are crossing that section.

Penny is in the foreground – Laura got off the bus first, but she's stopped to get a cigarette out. Penny is in the foreground, looking... well, a little intense. As if she needs to get this point across.

PENNY: I mean, she dances too. But I dance.

PENNY: It's what I do. It's what I've always done.

3.6

And reverse the angle, but Penny's still facing towards us, but she's walking backward . With her left hand, she does a small curling Come-hither gesture. The other hand is raised to the brow, her head slightly lowered – she's smiling, but in a clear “Yeah – whatamilike, yeah?” way. She's half-way across the road leading to the alleyway which leads to Hatchetts. To either side of the alleyway, there's fast food restaurants. One of them is the one which Kohl exited from at this point in Phonogram 2.

Which I didn't actually plan for, but it's funny how these things turn out, eh?

Laura doesn't need to be in this panel, but is she is, she's sullenly walking across the road. You can drop some various bits of Bristol Night life here – mobs of boys, mobs of girls, street violence, vomit, the shortest skirts you'll see this side of Newcastle. But... well, don't use it as comic relief, if you can. This is just a world which Penny is moving through, and we're trying to create a place rather than judge it.

Does that make sense? I may be reaching.

PENNY: Oh, God. Listen to me. Sorry. I mean, rilly rilly rilly sorry.

PENNY: Club this way.

PAGE 4

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XX
OO

Because this isn't an issue which moves on that eight panel beat, I want to do this. LET'S SEE IF IT WORKS.

4.1

On Penny and Laura, climbing the stairs into the club. Lots of rooms for this string of dialogue. Penny's hand traces along the banister on the stairs. Laura, in the background, is glancing at the poster on the wall – it's the club-night poster, including the NO MAGIC warning. She looks a little thoughtful, as she slides her bottle of illicit drinks into her pocket.

PENNY: This place is so special. Indie night. Incy. One rule: No male vocalists.

PENNY: Plays everything from Motown to (er) Modern. And, coz it's got the rule... well, you just get people who are cool with all sorts of music.

PENNY: So... dancing!

4.2

Penny standing, head flicked to one side, hand touching brow – which I somehow picture as a very Penny gesture. I think I may have pinched it from Angela MSCL. Her eyes are blacked out, magic-shorthand style. I describe the Doorman in the second script, but basically, he's not a doorman – he's a guy who runs the club as much as anything else. Hell, he'll probably be Djing later. The metaphor I used in the other script was thinking he could run a corner shop just after WW2, which I still think is a good one. Laura has a look of sheer hate on her face. It's not clear who it's aimed at.

(8.7.11: I wrote all the PG scripts before polishing them. PG2.2 was the first, followed by this one)

PENNY: I'm on the list, I think

DOORMAN: No... Actually, Yeah, you are. And who's she?

PENNY: Why, my plus one, of course.

4.3

Penny and Laura steps into the club. Laura lets slip her gossip with deliberate calm. Penny AW GAWWWWDS!. Clutching over, yelping excitedly.

LAURA: Lloyd says Marc is making his re-entrance into society.

PENNY: Really? Like... Oh Gawd.

4.4

Penny, to camera, making her way across the bar – this is excited – hands slightly clenched, as if it's Christmas morning. She's ranting, enthusiastic. Laura, behind her, glances at this – from her perspective, she can't hear what she's saying to us, but she knows all too well. She stands in a very deliberate pose. She's delivering a line.

In an ideal world, I'd like Penny as natural as possible here, and Laura as fake. I know this is asking a lot of intelligence from the reader, but – maybe – when collected the point may come across.

PENNY: Okay. Short version. Marc. Total hottie. TOTAL. And actually nice, you know.

PENNY: (And the guy can DANCE)

PENNY: Been going out with... well, a girl for most of this year. No longer. He hasn't been absent since the sad departure and he's going to be here and...

LAURA: You're only 19, for God's sake. You don't need a boyfriend.

LAURA: But I need a drink.

PAGE 5

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OO
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Ah, old large-panel and beats, but with a two-step. Old friend, I've missed you so.

5.1

And the money shot on the club. Let's say hello to Never On A Sunday, upstairs at the Hatchets.

We'll have photo reference, but this is early evening. The attractive-punky-slightly-out-of-place barwoman is standing at the bar. The seats on the left are already taken with small groups of indie-kids, circled around intensely. The dancefloor is empty, but there's a small group of people leaning against the wall on the left, and some more hanging around the bit of bar nearest the floor – they look ready to pounce, if someone makes the first move.

DJs are behind the booth. Seth Bingo and the Silent Girl, curled over their vinyl and CDs intensely. Private world.

Lighting is cheap and tacky, like a pulp or long blondes video.

Long shot from the entrance way. Penny is in the foreground, looking down the room with a sense of walking into a dream home. With her back to us. So – y'know – may be tricky to get gushing her. Perhaps arms raises slightly, as in about to hug the place. Or maybe they're clutched together before her – we get a chance to see the pose in the next panel a bit better, so, we can close her mind. To her right is Laura, who's not facing the club – she looks at Penny, with mild boredom.

PENNY: Oh God. I love this place so much.

LAURA: You were here last week.

5.2

Reverse angle on Penny and Laura standing there. Penny is still in her pose for last panel, smiling. Laura, somewhat smugly, makes her stolen witticism.

PENNY: Yeah, and?

PENNY: I think I want a G&T.

LAURA: There are wants and there are needs, Penny. Two very different things.

5.3

Penny doesn't get it. Laura lets the fact she's crushed show, shoulders slumping. My friends are useless!

PENNY: Huh?

LAURA: You pay, and I'll get them.

PAGE 6

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Man, running away from that six panel beat. It was far too GIRLY. MEN WRITE IN DENSE GRIDS. MEN DRAW DENSE GRIDS. MANLY! MANLY COMIC ABOUT DANCING!

I kind of picture this whole page from the same perspective as the first panel - not actually necessarily all from the same place precisely, but all from the edge of the dancefloor, looking out towards the bar - as if we're not ready to see the dancefloor yet.

6.1

Penny is in the foreground. In the background, we have the bar with Laura leaning against it ordering drinks. Penny doesn't notice anything behind her. She looks a bit surprised - as if she doesn't quite get why she's been asked this question, or see all its implications. Ah, self-knowledge. It'll come, my Penny.

PENNY: Why do I like dancing so much?

PENNY: It's fun. Like, obv.

LAURA: A double vodka coke and a G&T.

LAURA: A single G&T.

6.2

Same angle as the last Panel, with Penny smiling a little, with a flicker of embarrassment of not having a better answer immediately. Laura walks up, holding out Penny's drink towards her. She looks her usual bored self, and not at all guilty.

PENNY: Not good enough, yeah?

PENNY: Hmm.

6.3

Penny accepts the drink, turning to her. Laura, she keeps her bored mask up. I originally wanted this in two panels so I could have Laura downcast that she doesn't get it AGAIN, but I think this will be okay.

PENNY: Laura – why do I like dancing do much?

Laura: It's a vertical expression of Horizontal desire.

PENNY: Heh. That's sharp.

LAURA: Yeah. All original.

6.4

On them still. Penny turns back towards us. Probably can afford to cut a little closer. With Penny looking away from her, she NOW looks downcast. Clearly, this applies both to the words which Penny is saying – Penny not realising that her friend has a crush on her - as well as what happened in the previous panel.

PENNY: And, yeah, it can be about flirting. I like dancing with boys. And boys... well, like dancing with me.

PENNY: But... I like dancing with Laura too.

6.5

Penny, dreamy. This is a fond fantasy she's lost in. We're actually trying to sell Penny at her worst her, so all I'm trying to do it is make us feel worried for her that she believes this...

PENNY: Dancing with each other, with friends... how we all play off each other.

PENNY: And even by myself, I feel like I'm part of it all, and it's all part of me, and it's all for me, somehow. All those eyes...

6.6

Laura passes her the change. Penny is drifting out of her musing, finding at least her answer for now.

PENNY: I knew it was magic before I knew it was magic, you know.

PENNY: Who wouldn't love that?

6.7

A moment of Bathos. Penny looks at her change, a flicker of confusion - not suspicion, just "Hey - something is wrong here!". Laura, tilting her head slightly, appears to be recognising something.

PENNY: Shouldn't there be more change?

LAURA: Isn't this the New Young Pony club?

6.8

On Penny, stepping urgently towards us, excitedly, change completely forgotten. Laura stays where she is, impassive.

PENNY: Ooh! Gotta dance!

11
22
34
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7.1

Wide panel, showing the dancefloor where Penny. She's turned towards us, but isn't actually addressing us for once. She's actually speaking to Laura. Her face is full of glee. This is going to be fun! Behind her, the dancefloor is totally empty. People stand around the edge. It's clear she's going to just go and dance by herself. She doesn't care.

PENNY: You not coming?

PENNY: Suit yourself.

7.2

The next four panels are trying to show that moment when, because someone starts dancing, people break and start onto the place. That person, in a real way, allowed them to dance - that, in Phonogram's metaphor is a spell. Penny's problem is she loves doing a bit too much. Worth noting that Penny is doing something that's more traditionally a boy thing to do - that is, go onto an empty dancefloor alone.

(8.7.11: Talk about a sentence which makes me scratch my chin in thought. Is that true? Generally speaking, I fear it is.)

We start with Penny, alone, dancing - we've got a bit of Penny's style by now, but it may be worth thinking how you actually dance to New York Pony Club. In my head it's all hips and swing, not arms raised, moving in small circles. She's doing so. Around the dancefloor, we see the faceless dark shapes of the people standing in the shadows.

NO DIALOGUE

7.3

Close on Penny's head, slid to one side, while dancing. Her eyes lids are half lowered, as if this is private, but the slightly sly smile suggests not. We can see a little of her eyes.

NO DIALOGUE

7.4

Her head turns, sliding, like a snake-like move, neck rolling back slightly. The smile remains in the same sort of shape. The eyes black out.

(8.7.11: Starlight! Okay, clearly not a typo but me forgetting like a big old ninny)

NO DIALOGUE

7.5

Take it further out, level shot on the dancefloor. There's people moving in from the edge of the panel, in that half-move, half walk dance thing. Some actually are backing onto the dancefloor, facing the other way. Penny dances, one of the club's lights bouncing off her, ignoring them.

NO DIALOGUE

7.6

Same angle. The Dancefloor is now just full, with everyone in position and dancing. Penny is still dancing in exactly the same spot. The dance-floor revolves around her. Black eyes should be central here with that smile.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE 8

Probably an eight panel grid, but if you've any better ideas...

Actually, I may have. I'd love to have the first panel with Marc sell him a little better, and be larger. If you have any ideas to make a design which works like that... well, let's DO THIS THING. This is essentially Shojo Manga for a page, so...

1122
3344
3355
3366
7788

Could work, if the dialogue fits. We need to sell him as a love interest in a minimum of space. That said, if it just doesn't work, I'll compromise on the next page - I can lose that speech and get some space back, and reduce this other dancing scene to just a panel.

8.1

Laura, leaning against the edge of the bar. Penny walks up, picking up her drink. She's fresh-faced - not sweating, but she's been exercising. She looks pleased with herself. Laura smokes, trying to look disinterested.

You may note that I'm actually messing up the quotes from the lyrics. I figure this actually covers ourselves.

(8.7.11: As in, covers ourselves legally. This is, of course, a joke.)

PENNY: I love that.

PENNY: Has Marc shown up yet yet?

LAURA: You're all dressed up! You have a vodka in hand! But Penny - you're waiting for a pitiful man.

8.2

Closer on the pair. Penny leans in, a little aggrieved at her friend. I can imagine her as the sort of girl whose nose wrinkles when she's annoyed. Laura, a trifle annoyed, points off panel.

PENNY: It's a G&T. And he's not Pitiful. He's cute.

Laura: Yes. I know. He's over there.

8.3

On Marc and Lloyd entering the club, looking around. Lloyd follows, a dim shadow in the same way that Laura is. Marc, however, is front and central, a portrait of the young, sensitive man as a complete and utter hottie.

PENNY (OFF): OH-EM-GEE. Back me up.

LAURA (OFF): Wants and needs...

8.4

If there's room, over Marc's shoulder on Penny and Laura walking over. If not, just on Penny and Laura walking over. Penny is smiling, widely and wildly. Laura sulks.

PENNY: Hey, Marquis.

PENNY: Hey, Lloyd.

8.5

Cut tight on Marc and Penny, close to face to face.

MARC: Are you pair ever gonna quit with that?

PENNY: You stop being so openly deserving of an awesome name and I'll consider it.

PENNY: Maybe. Can't promise anything.

8.6

On Penny, touching Marc's arm lightly. Her head lowered, softly flirting...

A trail of notes is starting to drift on from the right of the panel.

PENNY: The dancefloor has missed you.

PENNY: It's not the same without the your...

8.7

Penny, breaking from Marc, turning away, head raised towards the movement, flicking from flirty too plainly enthusiastic in a half-second.

PENNY: Ooh! Blondie! Gotta Dance!

PENNY: See you on the dancefloor later, yeah?

8.8

Penny, moving towards us, with a big smile on her face. A really big smile.

PENNY: He is so cute, yeah? Yeah?

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3344
5566
7788

This diagram is so complicated as I started doing something else - the flashbacks in page width stuff - but realised It'd work better like this. By which I mean, if you have a bright idea, we can GO ROCK THE HIZZY.

9.1

Penny, making her way onto the actual dancefloor, casting a glance at us conspiratorially.

PENNY: I told you he was a hottie. He's like Groove is in the heart times Dancing Queen times Hot Topic times...

9.2

Penny, stopping in the middle of the dancefloor stops, blinking at us, as if we said something inappropriate - or, at least, something she wasn't expecting.

PENNY: What... My first time?

9.3

Close on Penny, fingers pressed sprayed against her temple, that embarrassed half smile again.

PENNY: Okay. The first time that ever counted, anyway.

PENNY: It's my earliest memory. I was three.

PENNY: Yeah, three. I know.

9.4

A child's perspective, looking up at adults. They're enormous distorted things, raising their arms up and down in a simple dance. They've got that Adult-talking-to-kid look going on.

This would be a good time to introduce our polaroids-for-flashback thing. Worth noting that this flashback is actually in 1990 if you're going to worry about what her parents fashion is like. Penny was 3 in 1990. Man!

CAPTION: I remember all my family around me – Mom, Dad, Aunt Sheila, leaning down.

CAPTION: And I'm standing in the room, looking at them, with their faces filling my world.

CAPTION: And they're moving their arms, like – you know, up and down, up and down.

9.5

Reverse the angle, showing the three year old blonde-kid Penny, in a kid's dress, repeating their arm up-and-down proto-dance thing, with a big grin.

Still in polaroid vision.

CAPTION: So I do it too.

CAPTION: And everyone just seems so – you know - happy. And I'm happy too.

9.6

Close on Penny. A grin. Back to normal vision.

PENNY: It feels good.

PENNY: It hasn't stopped yet.

9.7

Penny, still on the dancefloor, turns towards Laura who's now standing beside her. Laura raises a hand,

trying to explain - it's someone trying to shy a friend away from a mistake sort of expression. Penny is, of course, lying.

PENNY: What do you think? Does he like me? Does he?

LAURA: You've already spent months at the back of the line. What does...

9.8

From over Laura's shoulder, looking at Penny back away, towards the DJ booth in the background. She looks determined and fatalistic and... well, fine with her decision. It's not a Fuck It which implies she thinks she's doomed. It's a fuck it when she thinks her odds aren't bad.

PENNY: Oh, fuck it. I'll request a song and ask him to dance.

PENNY: The worst he can say is no.

PAGE 10

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10.1

Side on, on the DJ booth. The left hand side of it. To the left of the panel, we have Penny, leaning against it, smiling. Her eyes flicker black. To the right of the panel we see Seth Bingo, flicking through the CDs. He freezes, face a mask of disgust. The idea is that he's frozen the second she said what she did.

PENNY: Hey – Mr DJ! You gonna play Pull shapes?

10.2

Penny's PoV. Seth, turns slowly towards her. He keeps his leaning forward posture, eyes narrowed. Despite the abstractly polite words, his expression shows this is an opening to a world of hurt. He's trying to intimidate her already. Behind him, we can see The Silent Girl looking at her, blankly. It looks as if she's judging her already, and found her wanting.

SETH: Could you please repeat that?

10.3

On Penny, from slightly above, with forced perspective - like a kid talking to a grown up, despite the fact that Seth is probably shorter than she is. She is caught, a little scared, a little embarrassed. The black is at a point of fading from her eyes. She's been caught in the cookie-jar.

PENNY: The Pipettes. Pull... shapes.

PENNY: Could you... play... it?

10.4

Side on, much like the first panel, but Seth has turned away from the desk, and started to rant. He raises his hands before him raised into fists, not directed at anything. Penny, cringes away from him.

SETH: Do you know the rules?

PENNY (small): I didn't request the Arctic monkeys.

SETH: No. But you came here – to me. In my club. And used magic on me.

10.5

Similar angle, but with Seth raising up and Penny shrinking towards the floor. The speech bubble is large, and the lettering likewise. He's shouting.

SETH: TO MAKE ME TRY AND PLAY THE PIPETTES.

10.6

Seth continues his ranting, Penny shrinking away. Seth isn't even leaning over her, shouting, spinning on the spot virtually. Her speech bubble is sandwiched between his enormous ones. The WRONG! should be as big as we can.

SETH: What do you know about the Pipettes? What's first single?

PENNY: Kisses... are... wasted...

SETH: WRONG! "I Like A Boy In Uniform".

10.7

Penny raises up a little rallying - she's still trying to be friendly to him, as is her nature. That's interesting! I didn't... of course, Seth has no truck. She's just walked into his trap. He leans forward, firing invective.

PENNY: I didn't know that. Is it,...

SETH: Which was unspeakable, patronising shit.

SETH: They're as stunted, racist, regressive, sexist, a band as has ever existed.

SETH: You know think, know and mean absolutely...

10.8

Close on Seth's Face, his eyes just off the top of the panel, as he leans in. His mouth wide - we're focused on the mouth, which fills most of the panel. In the mouth, we have the word, free of all panels and captions and stuff. Not hand-penciled - actually the font, placed straight onto the image.

I may have to sketch this one if you don't get it from that.

SFX: NOTHING.

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11.1

Seth, speaking directly at us, calmly. Over his shoulder, we see the Silent girl, in a very similar, calm judgement. She's barely flickered from her first appearance on the last page.

SETH: Now go crawl back to your hole.

SETH: When you emerge you can go jump up and down like you always do to the fucking Gossip or something.

11.2

On Penny walking away from the DJ booth, towards us. In the background we can see the booth, with Seth and Silent already back to flicking through their music. She's dismissed. She's gone. Penny raises one hand to touch her forehead, shading her eyes - as if hiding, in a variation of one of her standard gestures.

NO DIALOGUE

11.3

Penny stops on the far side of the dancefloor, near the bar, standing there. She glances up at us, head still lowered a little. She's looking for reaffirmation.

Behind her, we have the dancefloor. We can do this in shadows and shade and light or whatever - I think a blank panel would be a bad move.

PENNY: That was mean, yeah?

11.4

Penny, glancing over towards where Marc would be standing. That is, if she has the Dancefloor to her back, she's glancing to here right. She's speaking to herself now, as if she knows what she's saying is true.

PENNY: Yeah, that was mean.

11.5

Penny's Line of Sight. It's Marc, leaning against the corner, looking over the dancefloor. Cool guy, leaning against the wall. He looks agreeably tough and sensitive simultaneously.

NO DIALOGUE

11.6

Back on Penny. She glances at us, looking for confirmation again. In this case, however, she doesn't think she's wrong. No need for a background here, but there's a trickle of notes appearing from the top right of the panel - it's let's make love from death from above, so you can actually re-use this bit in issue 2, if you like. Which would be an interesting thing to do, I think.

PENNY: He is cute, isn't he?

PENNY: I'm not being stupid. About that, anyway.

11.7

Penny, looking up at the string of notes, nose wrinkled in thinking. She seems a little calmer, more fatalistic.

PENNY: Let's Make Love To Death From Above.

PENNY: As good as any.

11.8

Penny, standing behind Marc. Marc's back is to the right of the panel. She's pauses, a little distant, hands raised to herself, as if tentative about making the next step. Penny Nervous. Marc's back oblivious - the moment before someone attempts to cross a very specific boundary.

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE 12

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Man, look at me. Decompression!

12.1

Head on Penny B, looking directly at us - headshot. She looks as casually brave as she can. A little nervous, but she's trying to be casual and flirty.

PENNY: Hey, Marquis!

PENNY: Wanna dance?

12.2

Penny's PoV. Marquis is leaning against the wall with his back to us. His head rests against it – the scene is detailed in the second issue, so you know what we're talking about in terms of pose. I believe there's a panel that pretty much reverses this, so we know the shapes. It's a pose which doesn't say much about how he's feeling from this angle. It's most likely to be bad-boy leaning against the wall.

MARC: Yeah.

12.3

Back on Penny. Same as 12.1. She beams. Yays!

NO DIALOGUE

12.4

Penny's PoV again. He hasn't moved at all. Look, Jamie. An easy repeated panel.

MARC: Just not with you.

12.5

And back on Penny. She's hit by the plain rejection. Oh Noes! Really: Oh Noes!

NO DIALOGUE

PAGE 13

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OO

13.1

Back on the two, with both of them with their backs to us. Penny is backing away. She's... not sunken, but stiff. Awkward. Making excuse. Going.

PENNY: Er...

PENNY: I'll go.

13.2

On Penn, turning towards us, but not actually looking at us. She's actively avoiding our eyes.

PENNY: I'll go.

13.3

Penny, making her way across the bar. She flicks a glance towards us, raising a hand to shield her from us, as if we're paparazzi. Her eyes are a little full of tears - she's not crying, but she's upset. She doesn't want to be looked at.

PENNY: And can you leave me alone?

PENNY: Please.

13.4

From behind Penny. Lloyd is at the corner of the bar. He looks a little confused at how Brusque Penny is being. She's already heading towards the toilet before Lloyd tells her too anyway.

PENNY: Lloyd - Where's Laura? What you seen Laura,

LLOYD: She went to the toilet, but...

PENNY: Thanks

13.5

Looking down the corridor, leading towards the toilet. She pushes open the door in a rush. We're looking at her distantly - as if we're not allowed any closer.

NO DIALOGUE

13.6

From inside the girl's toilet. The door is open, but not to the wall. Frame this so we can't see if there's anything to the right of the door. Penny is holding the door open, looking around the room. She's talking loudly.

PENNY: Laura! I think the DJ's stolen my magic.

PENNY: I'm not doing anything... oh.

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14.1

From over Penny's shoulder, looking into the room. Leaning against the row of sinks is Emily Aster, as casual as only a deliberately fake person can manage.

PENNY: Did you see a black haired girl in here, who...

EMILY: Yeah, I did. She's was obliterated by a bolt of sanity and climbed out of the window.

14.2

Reaction shot on Penny. She looks suspicious.

NO DIALOGUE

14.3

Back on Emily, shameless. She does a tiny hand-wave, openly sarcastic. She may as well have flicked the Vs at her.

EMILY: Happens a lot in Bristol, or so I hear. You're on your own.

EMILY: C'est la vie, sweetie, C'est la vie.

14.4

Same as the last panel of the previous page, but paned out so we can see to the right a little. Behind the door is Laura, pressed tightly against the wall, hiding. She clearly doesn't want to be discovered, looking grateful that she thinks her "friend" is leaving.

NO DIALOGUE

14.5

On Penny, leaving the corridor leading to the toilet. Take it so Lloyd, still leaning on the corner of the bar, is in the right of the Panel. Penny looks almost panicked now. Has everyone deserted her?

PENNY: Lloyd! Do I look different? Is something wrong with me?

14.6

On LLOYD, face hard. He's clearly got something to say, and something to say it.

LLOYD: Not enough is wrong with you.

PAGE 15

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15.1

On Penny, surprised - not Horror movie surprise. Just as in... I don't really believe this. She's had her legs cut away from beneath her. Lloyd too?

PENNY (Small): What?

15.2

On Lloyd, eyes hard. This is, as we'll discover, a practised speech which is going somewhere... but not in this episode.

LLOYD: Yeah, you're precious self-serving, egotistical bitch who feeds off people's attention like a leech.

15.3

Side on, Lloyd on the left, with the bar behind him, Penny on the right, with the dancefloor behind her. If we can have a hint of that in the lighting, it'll work well - there's something wonderful behind her, which she can just turned and face.

Lloyd is talking to her, gesturing excitedly. It looks angry, but is actually just impassioned. From the right of panel, a string of music is starting to drift - it's not all the way across, but it's enough for Penny to raise her head, and look towards it. There's a flicker of an expression on her, like recognition.

LLOYD: No, don't deny it. It's you. You can't fight it.

15.4

Same angle, with Lloyd expressing, but his words are fading away - font rapidly descending the scale until by "to" it's unreadable. It continues in tiny dots in a bubble, gone. The entire panel darkens, except the bit behind Penny, which brightens. There's a bright light behind her. Penny keeps on looking at the string of notes, which is curling above her - it's not going any further into the dark, but the notes are thicker behind her.

LLOYD: You have to...

PENNY: The drums stalk up. Its on me before I realise.

PENNY: Pull shapes.

15.5

Same angle. Now the rest of the panel is almost black, with the dancefloor behind her really bright. Lloyd, in the dark, stops, hands lowering. It's because Penny has just turned away from him,urgently, heading towards the brightness.

PENNY: Pull shapes.

PAGE 16

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16.1

Penny, moving through the crowd, like a swimmer, in to the dancefloor. She glances towards us, coyly, eyes slightly lowered. She's heading towards the string of notes, like climbing a lifeline.

PENNY: Sorry.

PENNY: I'm really sorry.

16.2

Lloyd, at the bar, looking directly out after Penny, dumbstruck.

NO DIALOGUE

16.3

She, now in the dancefloor, surrounded by people, who are just darkened shape - they don't have detail. She's looking at her feet, smiling, eyes shut. The music circles above her.

PENNY: I've been stupid.

PENNY: I mean, really stupid.

16.4

Kohl and Aster, on the dancefloor at least the periphery. Kohl looks as if he's been dancing, but still has a cigarette in his hand. Aster isn't sweaty. They look like they've been interrupted, glancing over towards this girl in the centre. Aster looks somewhat cold - quietly jealous even. Kohl has a whole different sort of smile on him. Approving. And mildly lustful.

NO DIALOGUE

16.5

Penny, in profile, eyes still shut. She raises her hand into a tiny-handclap gesture we saw earlier on the first page. And so we begin. She looks serene, as if in prayer. She's white against the black shapes in the crowd. The music, grows wilder around her, notes as bright white as she is.

PENNY: But they played my song anyway.

PAGE 17

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17.1

And Penny starts dancing, shoulders moving from side to side, eyes still shut. The people around her are starting to fade away, becoming transparent. The white notes now fill the background, like bees, wiping them out of existence.

PENNY: So I have to dance because...

PENNY: It's my song. This one's not for anyone else.

PENNY: It's for... dancing.

17.2

On the DJ Booth. Seth is looking up at the music streaming above his head, looking confused - it's not the full mass of notes in the previous panel, but just the initial signifier of music. This is not a world they're part of. Why the fuck are they playing this? Silent Girl, with one ear on a headphone, looks away. She's not smiling. She's in her own little world. She had her reasons.

NO DIALOGUE

17.3

Penny, dancing some more. They're gone now. She's just surrounded by the whirlwind of notes, caught with her hands by her side, back slightly arched, a big smile on her face. Closer than the last panel. We've crossed from prayer to rapture.

PENNY: You understand, yeah?

17.4

On Laura, leaving the toilet corridor, looking towards where the dancefloor will be. She's... shaken. In fact, hers and Lloyd's expression are similarly awed.

NO DIALOGUE

17.5

Tighter, she flicker her head towards us. Her hands are raised above her head again, in tiny pipettes-esque hand dancing. Her hair falls against her brow - she's a little dishevelled now, and soon clearly will be a lot more. She clearly doesn't care. In the background, in enormous numerals, we have a 1 2 3 on the whirlwind of notes- this is "Pullshapes" finally reaching its first chorus - and she's entirely in the music.

Penny has just looks... grateful. Her eyes open. They're bright white.

PENNY: Thanks.

PENNY: I Knew you would.

PAGE 18

White page, fading to black a little around the edges – like the whole page is a flash. Black lettering.

PULL SHAPES

Gillen McKelvie

//end//